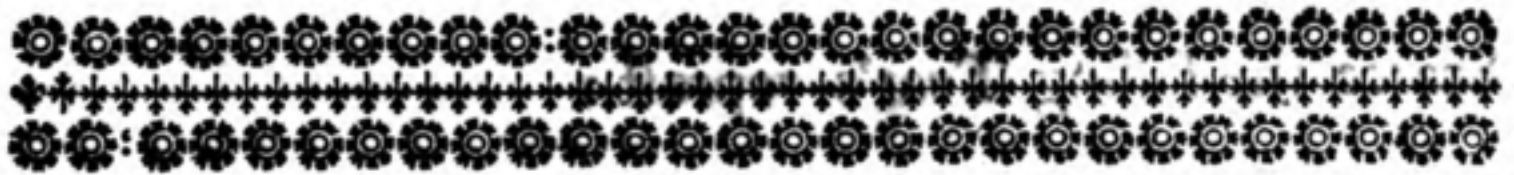


Since waking then I am distress'd,
 And Pleasure's fled with him ;
 If sleeping I can still be blest,
 Let Life be all a Dream.



An O D E,

I N

IMITATION *of* S A P H O.

ME the loveliest truest Swain,
 Often woo's, but woo's in vain ;
 Tender, soft, beseeching Eyes,
 Pleading Tears, and melting Sighs :

Such soft Pains as Lovers feel,

Such his dying Looks reveal.

II.

Yet by Pride, by Shame with-held,

Every yielding Thought's repell'd;

Scarce the Sigh that heaves my Breast,

Scarce the falling Tear's repress:

Yet may artful Tongue denies

My Love, and contradicts my Eyes.

III.

If then, charming Youth, you'd know

All my Love, and all my Woe;

All my Heart, without Disguise,

Read it in my artless Eyes.

They'll in tender Language tell

What I wou'd in vain conceal.

IV.

There each yielding Thought betray'd,

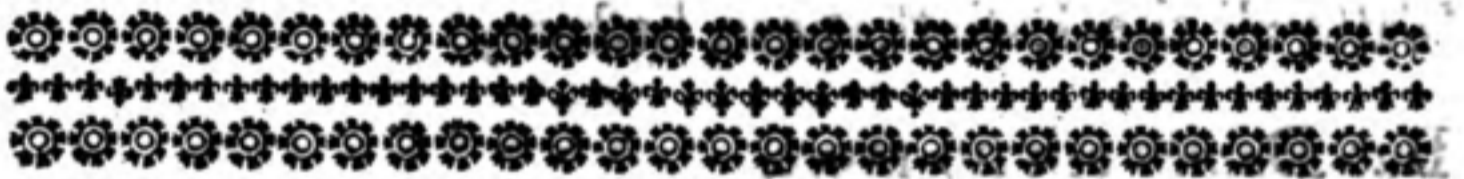
All my Hopes add Fears display'd:

The soft Flame which warms my Breast,

In each melting Look's confest:

While unstudied Glances prove,

All is Truth, and all is Love.



A S O N G.

I.

DAMON in vain you strive to move ;
 'Tis true my Heart was form'd for Love,
 And own its native Flame.

But